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IRISH 1798 COLLECTION

THE
IRISH BOOK LOVER

VOL. XIII.

FEB.-MARCH, 1922

Nos. 7 & 8



JAMES PORTER,

Author of "BILLY BLUFF."

Executed at Greyabbey, 2nd July, 1798.

JAMES PORTER (1753-1798)

With Some Notes on
 “BILLY BLUFF” AND “PADDY’S RESOURCE.”

By Francis Joseph Bigger, M.R.I.A.

JAMES PORTER, the Presbyterian Minister of Greyabbey, Co. Down, wrote, as is well known, a series of six articles in the then popular revolutionary Belfast paper, *The Northern Star*, entitled “Billy Bluff and Squire Firebrand,” which appeared in 1796. These articles “took off” the local squirearchy in a manner particularly distasteful to them, so they were believed at the time to be the principal cause of Porter’s execution on 2nd July, 1798, on the green hill in front of his own meeting-house in the Ardes, the ostensible charge being for robbing the mail.

I wish to refer to the further editions of “Billy Bluff” which appeared from time to time, and would be glad to hear of any others known to have been issued.

Immediately after their publication in *The Northern Star* they were twice differently reprinted in pamphlet form, one with the imprint “Printed at the Star Press, 1796.” A copy of this edition is in the Linen Hall Library, Belfast, and is the only copy up till 1840 which bears any printer’s name, whilst none of them, up till that date bears any indication of the author’s name. The other edition, a copy of which is in the possession of William Swanston and the title page of which is here reproduced, simply bears the imprint “Belfast, 1796,” but is prefaced as follows: “To the Public in General and to the Editor of the Northern Star in particular.” These editions are now both very scarce, and the only copy of the next edition (1797) known is in the Library of the House of Lords! I have seen in a bookseller’s catalogue, a Dublin edition dated 1798, “printed privately.”

BILLY BLUFF

AND

THE ‘SQUIRE;

OR,

A SKETCH OF THE TIMES.

AS IT APPEARED FROM TIME TO TIME
 IN A PERIODICAL PRINT.

—BELFAST—

1796.

The Northern Star suffered for its temerity by having its type smashed up immediately after (May, 1797) by the military and thrown into the street and its proprietors prosecuted. It may here be noted that the characters in "Billy Bluff" were "Lord Mountmumble," "Squire Firebrand" and "Billy Bluff." The first was Robert Stewart, 1st Marquis of Londonderry, father of Lord Castlereagh of Union notoriety; the second was the Rev. Hugh Montgomery of Greyabbey, adjoining land owners in the Ardes, and the third was Billy Lowry, the Greyabbey bum-bailiff. The next known edition of "Billy Bluff" appeared in 1812 with the following title page:—"Billy Bluff and Squire Firebrand; or, A Sample of the Times. As it appeared periodically in Five Letters. With a selection of songs from Paddy's Resource. Belfast. Reprinted for the Purchasers, 1812. Price 1s. 8d."

This was an early attempt, considering the fate of *The Northern Star* press, to keep green the fame of Porter, but it cautiously bears no printer's or author's name but the unusual imprint, "Re-printed for the Purchasers." From the type and the musical ornament on the title page and the harp ornament at the end of the prose, I take it that the printer was most likely Joseph Smith. This is corroborated by the fact that my copy is in the Hope Library which is very comprehensive in Smith publications—Luke Mullan Hope being the foreman printer of Smith. It is now a very rare volume and does not appear in Anderson's Catalogue of "Early Belfast Printed Books," though it is mentioned by O'Donoghue in his "Poets of Ireland." It must have been a popular book, as it ran to at least thirteen editions, for I find a copy in the Belfast Free Library dated 1840 and so described. It is practically a fac-simile of the 1812 edition which contains 57 pages of prose and 87 of poetry, which latter is mentioned on the title page as a *selection* from "Paddy's Resource," but the pages are continuous with no separate title page to the songs. It is known that James Porter contributed verse to *The Northern Star* which was at the time collected into "Paddy's Resource" and printed in Belfast in 1796. How many, or which, of the poems so collected, and so often reprinted, are from the pen of James Porter I cannot say.

Classon Porter states that "in the years 1794 and 1795, he published several spirit stirring songs, which, with other productions of a similar kind, were afterwards reprinted under the title of "Paddy's Resource." One of the most popular of these songs, beginning with the words "Green were the fields where my forefathers strayed o," was written by Porter, as we are told by a gentleman who saw the manuscript of the song in Porter's hand, before it appeared in print." The song referred to was long a favourite and appeared in other collections. It was written to the tune of *Savourneen Delish* and there were three and four lines of the old tongue in each verse. This, if correct, goes

to prove that Porter, perhaps from his early up-bringing in Donegal, where he was born at Ballindrait, had an affection for the old Irish airs as well as a knowledge, sympathy and regard for the old Irish tongue. The first and last verses of the six composing the song are as follows:—

THE EXILED IRISHMAN'S LAMENTATION.

Tune, "Savourneen Delish."

Green were the fields where my forefathers dwelt, O;
 Erin ma vourneen! slan leat go brat!
 Tho' our farm it was small, yet comfort we felt, O,
 Erin ma vourneen! slan leat go brat!
 At length came the day when our lease did expire,
 And fain would I live where before lived my sire;
 But ah! well-a-day! I was forced to retire,
 Erin ma vourneen! slan leat go brat!

Too long have we suffered, and too long lamented,
 Boie yudh ma vourneen, Erie go brat!
 By courage undaunted it may be prevented,
 Boie yudh ma vourneen, Erie go brat!
 No more by oppressors, let us be affrighted,
 But with heart and with hand let's be firmly united;
 For by Erie go brat! it is thus we'll be righted!
 Boie yudh ma vourneen! Erie go brat!

We can quite see that this considered statement of the Rev. Classon Porter is likely to lead to controversy, as the song in question has been set down repeatedly as the work of George Nugent Reynolds, the disputed author of "The Exile of Erin." In fact the Rev. P. A. Walsh in his ably written book, "The Exile of Erin, Who Wrote It," founds considerable argument in favour of the Reynolds authorship of that song upon the positive belief that Reynolds wrote "Green were the Fields," and its authorship is so admitted by Dr. W. H. Grattan Flood. Fr. Walsh quotes the poem at length in his book in Reynolds' favour, giving four verses as its whole; but in "Paddy's Resource" it has six verses, with the second verse differing from Fr. Walsh's quotation. This six verse edition appeared in 1796, and has been, as we have quoted, positively attributed to James Porter and Reynolds' claim quite ignored. Fr. Walsh gives as title to the song "Green were the Fields," whilst "Paddy's Resource" gives it as "The Exiled Irishman's Lamentation."

It would be interesting to know who compiled "Paddy's Resource." They are referred to as "editors."

"Paddy's Resource," or as it was sometimes called "Paddy's Racehorse," first appeared in 1795 and 1796 in two parts, copies of which are in possession of William Swanston and the



FRONTISPIECE TO FIRST PART OF PADDY'S RESOURCE.

Linen Hall Library. The 1795 part, in 96 pages, bears a quaintly engraved frontispiece of a revolutionary character here reproduced and the title: Vol. I. "Paddy's Resource, being A Select Collection of Original and Modern Patriotic Songs, Toasts and Sentiments. Compiled for the use of the people of Ireland. Printed in the year 1795. Price 1s. 1d."

Part 2. The 1796 Volume, in 88 pages, also bears an engraved frontispiece here reproduced, and the title:—"Paddy's Resource, being A Select Collection of Original Patriotic Songs for the use of the people of Ireland.—1796." The title pages fully describe the contents of the volumes.

There was an edition of "Billy Bluff" printed in Belfast in 1868 without any printer's name, not including any of the songs, but having an unsigned political preface giving James Porter as the writer and desiring a better understanding between Catholics and Presbyterians in the interest of their "common country." The preface was attributed to Porter's grandson, the late W. D. Henderson, its object was to unite both those parties in the ensuing election which sealed the fate of the Established Church in Ireland. This edition was the first to



FRONTISPIECE TO SECOND PART OF PADDY'S RESOURCE.

state that the "Billy Bluff" letters consisted of six, which is really correct, the former editions give the number as five.

"Billy Bluff" was also reprinted in 1879 "from the original edition with two songs, 'The Rector's Creed' and 'The Rights of Man,' by the Rev. James Porter of Greyabbey, who was put to death in 1798. Price two pence." This was issued by Hans McMordie as a political pamphlet after the celebrated Co. Down election of 1878 between W. D. Andrews and Lord Castlereagh, the late Marquis of Londonderry. Hans McMordie was then connected with the *Belfast Morning News*, so it was doubtless printed in that office.

Cameron and Ferguson of Glasgow reprinted "Billy Bluff" (undated) with a coloured wrapper and about three quarters of the songs from the 1812 edition of "Paddy's Resource," the title being "Billy Bluff and the Squire—a picture of Ulster in 1796," in 1886, if I recollect aright.

Porter also contributed a series of articles to *The Northern Star* early in 1797 addressed to the Marquis of Downshire over the name of "Sydney." Other papers of his were written over the name of "A Man of Ulster" and at this time he assisted in the editing of that paper.

James Porter preached a sermon at Greyabbey on the 16th February, 1797, on a fast day, which was printed at Belfast over his name in the same year with the title of "Wind and Weather"—in reference to the dispersal of the French fleet in Bantry Bay, but bearing no printer's name.

The body of the writer of "Billy Bluff" was laid to rest under the shadow of the high altar window of the old Cistercian abbey of the village in which he had spent over a decade of his strenuous life. A large suitably inscribed thruck stone marks his grave.

I am indebted to my friends David Kennedy and the editor, for assistance in compiling this paper.



The Grave of
JAMES PORTER

THE O'DONOGHUE PAPERS

THOMAS MACDONAGH.

I HAD a good deal of correspondence with Thomas MacDonagh long before he came to Dublin, or was known in literary or political circles. He was teaching in the Diocesan Seminary, Fermoy, when he wrote me, under date of 28th March, 1906, recalling the fact that he had written to me three years before regarding his first volume of poems, "Through the Ivory Gate," and goes on:—"I was often anxious, as I still am, to seek your advice on the matter of publishing. I trust you will not regard my confidences or enquiries as presumptuous. I come to you, a publisher, for counsel—this, after I have gone to others to do my business. It does not look gracious, but it is not really so bad as it looks. I am yet only at my beginning, and I shall have to get out many books in my time." I wrote to him asking his permission to include two or three of his poems in the collection, "Irish Voices," I was making for the St. Louis Exhibition, and he replied, on 5th April, 1906:—"I have to thank you very much for your kind letter, more especially for your offer of a 'niche' in your projected anthology. This is the first time in my literary life that anyone has proposed to give me practical help." I thought this rather strange, as by this time he had published two volumes of verse, with, I gathered from this statement, but little success.

He had by this time written sufficient poems for a new volume, "The Golden Joy," which he was anxious for me to publish, and his next letter, written on 30th April, 1906, discusses the format, etc. "With regard to the border design of 'The Ivory Gate,' I was not altogether to blame. Mr. Yeats, to whom I had submitted the MS. of that book, told me that if I got it printed in Ireland I would have to look after the work myself, and to get a book published by John Lane or Elkin Mathews, or some such, and make my printers copy it. Unfortunately, I sent to Bryers the only book I had published by one of these—an edition of Herrick, and it was in two colours with borders. So nothing could get it out of people's heads that I wanted my book done in the same way, and so it was. I tell you this, not for the fun of the thing, but to make you understand my difficulties in such things. I was then, as I am now, down in the country, and had to do all my directions by letter. The book reeks with misprints, and sins against art in parts—all the result of hurry and misunderstandings, my illegible handwriting, and telegrams that went wrong. Please God, we shall have none of that kind of thing now. If anything could have turned my hair grey, the worry of that first book would have done it. You have artistic taste in the matter of book production, and will see that this one is turned out well. Please let me have your opinion of 'The Golden Joy.' I fear you will have a difficulty in finding something new to say of it by way of praise, in that circular you are to get out. The sooner you can draft it now the better. And so a long letter comes to an end.—Sincerely yours, THOMAS MACDONAGH.

The drafting of that circular gave us both trouble—I, writing from the publisher's point of view, he, the poet, sensitively shrinking from what he considered "puffery." I had a characteristic letter from him, dated 29th May, 1906: "Of course I value sincerity above all, and would not for the world ask you to put in anything that was not your spontaneous thought. I could not think of writing myself an advertisement of my own work. You will not misunderstand me, I know, or think my revision of what you wrote has in it anything of fault-finding. If you cannot find something to say about the book which would fit this, and not another, it would be better, I believe, to send out nothing but a straight business advertisement. I fear that commonplaces of praise would not really help the book with those to whom I wish to appeal. However, if you think it will, such would at least do no harm. . . . And now, for the twentieth time in writing to you, I feel a great regret that I cannot go and tell you what I do wish and why. You remember how John Keats said at the end of a preface all about himself and his work: 'We cannot help seeing our own affairs from every point of view.' Well, that is just what makes me sensitive about these things that seem so little to many. It is indeed as well now to write you one frank word about myself and my opinions, so that if, after all, you do insert in this advertisement a thought of your own on my book it may at least not be at variance with mine. You wrote in the draft you sent me something about the Irish verse published of late years; that was the first thing I crossed out when I got your letter. I know you had written it by way of praise, joining my book with those other good ones; but I know too that I can never be one of that 'school,' that my work, good or bad, must be quite different from theirs, perhaps hostile. I have learned Irish; I now speak and write the language, and I know that the 'Celtic note,' and the rest of it, is not to be found in Gaelic, and is to be found in Charles Baudelaire and others of the decadents. I believe you will see this 'Celtic' poetry pass away. Mr. Yeats' best work is not of it. Now, up to the present, my poetry has been more in the tradition of the ancient classic and English poets, but I am absolutely young and now having added Irish to my stock, may do something in a new direction. Meanwhile this book of mine has nothing in common with the work of the younger Irish poets. This, for better or worse, is fresh in these days of the 'Tower Press.' I have written all this in order to give you my opinion of the things I would not like to have said of my work. You have probably remarked, with a smile, that I have prefaced it by saying that I could not write an advertisement of myself. Well, this is hardly such, but now—for it sticks in my mind that, after all, it might be better that you did write a sentence or two in this circular—I will quote some compliments I have received upon those very pieces you have. Two years ago I submitted 'The Praises of Beauty' to Alfred Nutt. He said he

found the poems 'graceful, cultured, and distinguished.' Of course we are not at liberty to quote this, but another might say as much. On reading my first book, Mr. William Byrne, of whose 'Light on the Broom' you have heard, wrote to me to say that he found in the pieces 'unique finish, exquisite music of language, and great power of unified, compressed expression.' He spoke in another part, of 'the inevitableness of the inspiration,' and dwelt upon the 'introspective power of the work, the deeper the better.' In a letter from him dated Cloughjordan, 8th July, he says: "In my letters to you I seem always to be apologising or explaining or doing some other queer, self-conscious thing, and your letters do not invite that. Half the reason is that I type and reel off the stuff by the yard; another at present is that I am suffering horribly from neuralgia." Writing on 24th October—the book was coming out at Christmas—he says: "Now I fear I am overburthening you with cares of my little book, but you are a bibliophile and will be interested in having it turned out well too. The fact that you have so much else to think of makes me the more grateful for your care."

The book appeared in a neat 8vo volume at half-a-crown, and the letters I had from him concerning it were entirely of a business nature. When at home in Cloughjordan on his next summer holiday, and having had time to digest the numerous reviews, he wrote me on 23rd August, 1907, summing up his opinions as follows: "What poor treatment books receive from reviewers (?) in Ireland. Those that blame do not do so on right grounds; those that wish to praise do so for wrong reasons." The next, from Fermoy, 1st October, says: "Of course you saw Colum's notice in *Sinn Féin*. It was very disappointing, not at all like his letters to me. He wrote, not so much for the general readers who had not seen my book, as for his friends—and mine—who have been discussing my work. Of course he does not know this himself, yet he feels that the review in print does not read as he meant it. I know so well his sincerity and generosity that I see this clearly. As his notice stands I could not think of quoting from it."

The last letter of his I received was also from Fermoy, on the 30th of the same month, and is of much interest, as it conveys his own views regarding his play, "When the Dawn is Come": "I have been very busy of late with a play which I have written and which I am offering to the Abbey. Those who have seen it think it wonderfully good; it breaks new ground, being a play of Ireland fifty years hence in time of insurrection, in the main, a study of a subtle Hamlet-like character. I have used a kind of noble, rhythmic prose, the best version, I think, of what may be a noble Gaelic idiom of that time. One friend of mine, who is a fine dramatic critic, in one way, too, an Abbey critic, says it will be an unique success, and adds, in utilitarian mood, that it will make also the success of 'The Golden Joy.' What a long confidence has grown out of my apology for not writing. . . .

You had an impression that the Belfast notices of the 'G.J.' were good: one said the book was a puzzle; another made jokes about 'halfpenny dips' and 'Ireland was Ireland when England was a pup,' certainly a witty commentary on one of my pieces; the third counted the poems, and gave the number with two quotations, but no opinion on the worth of the volume." As is known, the play was produced at the Abbey Theatre, and published in book form, but in neither case with marked success, much to his disappointment.

When MacDonagh was appointed lecturer on English literature at University College, Dublin, our friendship ripened. Scarcely a day passed without his coming into the library and discussing books and authors, old and new. His mind was stored with information, and he, being one of the greatest conversationalists I ever listened to—with the possible exception of Tom Kettle—had a peculiar power of imparting that information; hence his success as a teacher. He had read deeply in the classics and English literature, but less deeply in Gaelic. Of quiet, unassuming manners, no one could have dreamt that under his calm, scholarly exterior lay the stuff that heroes and martyrs are made of. I knew, of course, that he was an enthusiastic officer of Volunteers, but it was the surprise of my life to learn, when on a short holiday with William Boyle, the Abbey dramatist, at Dromiskin, Co. Louth, that he was a prominent leader of the insurrectionary movement of Easter Week. Yet, looking back and recalling odd fragments of conversation little heeded at the time, and re-reading his play and poems, one is led to believe that he gladly trod the rough road of duty, and perhaps, after all, found the death he would have chosen.

EDITOR'S GOSSIP

The disastrous fire at Messrs. Cahill's, our printers, has, as might be expected, caused a great deal of difficulty in the publication of our present number, the original proofs and blocks having been destroyed. We were not the only publication that suffered, but by calling on the resources of their Drogheda house and by the aid of other friendly firms they are enabled to carry on. I am sure that, under the circumstances, my readers will pardon any delay and look kindly on any little sins of omission or commission.

St. Valentine's Week at Cambridge this year was quite an Irish one, for a deputation from the Historical Society of T.C.D.—Messrs. Brereton Barry and McClenaghan—attended at the Union, had an enthusiastic reception, and upheld the traditions for eloquence of their native land. During the same week I had the pleasure of addressing the University Hibernian Club on "The Poets and Poetry of Young Ireland," and had a very gratifying reception and much hospitality. I quoted

Davis's fine lyric, "Annie Dear," and, to my surprise, one of the audience, Mr. T. A. Sinclair, told me afterwards that he was a cousin of Miss Annie Hutton, of whom it was written. How small the world is after all! On the following day I revelled amidst the treasures of the Bradshaw Collection in the University Library under the kindly guidance of its curator, Mr. Charles Sayle.

The well-informed bookman who uses the pen-name of "Elijah True" in *John O' London* gives us this pleasant news:—"There has, since the Irish pact, been a notable demand in London for books by writers associated with the Irish literary movement. Partly this may be because English readers have developed a new curiosity in these writers. Partly it is also because English readers who were interested in Irish literature have come back to it. During the troubles in Ireland any spirit bringing the two countries closer in a literary way rather snapped, and now it resumes." The same writer says that the new "Moore Hall Edition" of George Moore's "Memoirs of My Dead Self" has gone to a premium before publication.

It may not be without interest to Irish book lovers to know that there is in existence a "Kells Press," not, be it noted, in the town of that name, but at Newark, Delaware, U.S.A. I do not know that it specialises in books relating to Ireland, or if it takes its name from the celebrated "Book of Kells." Anyhow, it is just as well to put the fact on record, it may save some Irish bibliographer in the future fruitless search. There was once a newspaper called the *Downshire Press*, owned by the once famous Johnston of Ballykilbeg, and printed in Downpatrick. Some years ago a collector who had heard or came across the name somewhere, wrote and asked me for information regarding its output, under the impression that it was a hitherto unnoted private printing press.

Though more of an historic than literary interest attaches to the matter, I would like to mention that the valuable collection of medals formed by the late W. M. Knott Fayle, J.P., of Birr, came under the hammer at Sotheby's on 5th and 6th December, and realised the handsome sum of £1,143. The series of Irish Volunteer medals, recalling the days of Grattan and Charlemont, are well reproduced in the catalogue.

It is interesting to learn that quite a unique honour has been paid to the memory of an Irish journalist. Two of the new issue of Bulgarian stamps bear portraits of the late J. D. Bouchier, and a third depicts his burial place. They evidence the Bulgar's gratitude to the great *Times* correspondent, who died last winter, who had through good and ill championed their cause and won them support and sympathy.

And so poor Shackleton is gone in the prime of his manhood. He was a member of a family well known in literature, one of whom was the teacher of Edmund Burke and another his bosom friend. He was an omnivorous reader and always complained

that the ship's libraries were too small. Yet, as he said, "a duffer at exams." Once when he was distributing the prizes at his old school he looked longingly at the books and said "I never was so near the prizes before." He adds another name to the list of intrepid Irish explorers, the Kanes, Croziers, McClures and McClintocks, and one can say, with Tennyson:—

"Thou,
Heroic sailor soul,
Art sailing on no earthly voyage now,
Toward no earthly pole."

"There was no man of his time so learned; there was no man of his time of steadier, more continuous, it might even be said feverish energy; there was no man whom all kinds of educational institutes at home and in almost every country of the world delighted more to honour with every recognition it was in their power to bestow." Such is the verdict of Mr. T. P. O'Connor on Viscount Bryce, who has just finished his long, honourable and distinguished career. I first met him over forty years ago, when he sat for the *Tower Hamlets*, and addressed the electors in half a dozen languages, and I last saw him a couple of years ago at a social reunion. He always had the kindly word of welcome for a fellow-townsmen, in a northern accent that increased with the years. A traveller of world-wide experience, he frequently visited his native city, where his cousin, Mr. R. M. Young, M.R.I.A., the author of "*Old Belfast*," and editor of its famous "*Town Book*," still resides.

Mr. Jeremiah King, who has done excellent work as the historian of Kerry, has established *Erin and Greater Ireland* (64 Chancery Lane, London), the first number of which appeared with the New Year. It consists of 8 pp. of 4 cols. each, price 2d., and is crammed full of interesting historical, biographical and bibliographical material. It is a most ambitious undertaking, and we wish it well. We learn from it that:—"The Vatican Library contains an enormous quantity of Irish historical matter, and very little of it has been published so far. A part of the library is now set apart for books relating to Ireland, or written by Irish people. The Marquis MacSwiney has this important work in hand, and desires donations of Irish books."

I take these interesting items from the Annual Report of the R.S.A.I. for 1921:—

The Council has to record the death of Mr. Hubert T. Knox, a Fellow of the Society and a contributor to its *Journal*. The son of Colonel Knox, of Cranmore, Co. Mayo, Mr. Knox entered the Indian Civil Service in 1868. Being forced to retire on account of ill-health, he returned to Ireland, and devoted the rest of his life to the study of archaeology, chiefly to that of his native province of Connaught. He published a "*History of the County Mayo*," a "*History of the Diocese of Tuam*,"

and contributed to the *Journal* of this Society and to that of the Galway A. and H. Society many articles descriptive of the antiquities of Counties Mayo and Galway. In spite of increasing infirmity, he laboured indefatigably. He was a conscientious antiquary, most careful in sifting evidence. Quiet and very retiring, he laboured at the work in which he put his whole heart, and he has well been described by a friend as an "undemonstrative enthusiast." His article on the ancient "Burgus of Athenry," written between crises of intense suffering, and lately published in the *Journal* of the Galway Society, was his last contribution to Irish archaeology. His contributions to our *Journal*, numbering 23, will be found in Vols. XXVII. to XXXV.

GEORGE DAMES BURTCHAELL, M.A., LL.B., K.C., died on 18th August last. While a boy at Kilkenny School his eagle eye discovered a mistake in Liddell and Scott's "Greek Lexicon"; putting the matter before his master he was sharply reprimanded for daring to question so great an authority; but Burtchaell, with an insistence surprising at such an age, communicated with the editors, and he treasured till his death the courteous thanks of Dr. Scott for detecting the error. Coupled with this critical faculty, Burtchaell possessed an amazingly retentive memory; he could repeat poetry by the hour, even whole plays of Shakespeare, while, till within a few years of his death, he was never at a loss for a name or a date.

Entering Trinity College, Dublin, he took a prominent part in the Historical and Philosophical Societies. He indulged his growing propensity for genealogy by annotating the elaborate lists of previous officers and medallists printed each year with the Auditor's Address. Called to the Bar in 1879, he practised successfully for many years. His love of genealogy had brought him in touch with Sir Bernard Burke, in whose office he became an unpaid assistant. When, in 1892, Mr. (afterwards Sir Arthur) Vicars succeeded to the office of Ulster King of Arms, he invited Burtchaell to act as his secretary, an appointment which he retained till he was promoted to be Registrar of the Office and Athlone Pursuivant of Arms in 1908. Meanwhile, by his admirable "Kilkenny Members of Parliament," numerous valuable antiquarian articles in the *Kilkenny Moderator*, and many pedigrees contributed to the *Irish Builder*, he acquired the reputation of the greatest authority on genealogy in this country. Devoting every hour of the day to the study in which he delighted, he found time to render invaluable assistance to the late Mr. G. E. Cockayne, editor of "The Complete Peerage" and "The Complete Baronetage," as well as to the respective editors of "Burke's Peerage," "The Landed Gentry," "The County Families" and "Authorized Arms."

With such a record, it is not surprising that Burtchaell should have been in request as a peerage counsel. Before the Lords he fully sustained his reputation, winning praise for the

care with which he prepared his cases. In 1910-1911, and again from 1915 to 1919, he acted as Deputy Ulster. His most important work in the Office of Arms consisted in calendaring and indexing all known Grants of Arms in Ireland. To do this it was necessary not only to make a thorough search in the Office, but to read patiently through the large collection of genealogical MSS., some extremely difficult to decipher, in the Library of Trinity College, Dublin.

Burtchaell was for a time the editor of "Lodge's Peerage." He also edited, for the Historical MSS. Commission, the documents belonging to the Franciscan Order, Merchant's Quay, Dublin. By dint of much labour he succeeded in compiling a complete list of all knights dubbed in Ireland, which has been incorporated by Dr. Shaw in his official "Catalogue of Knights." During his last years he devoted much time to a register of students at Trinity College, Dublin, prior to 1638, and rescued from oblivion some hundreds of names which will be embodied in "Alumni Dublinensis," now in the press. His contributions to the *Journal* were "A History of the Rothe Family," from whom he was descended, in Vol. XVII.; "Wolfe Tone and the College Historical Society," Vol. XVIII.; "The Geraldines of Kilkenny," Vol. XXII. and XXIII.; and "The Butlers of Dangan-Spidogue," Vol. XXX.

QUERIES AND REPLIES

THE RIVERS OF IRELAND. Could you guide me to any books on the rivers of Ireland?

Seaforde.

K.

*** The Blackwater, by J. R. O'Flanagan, Lond., 1844; The Beauties of the Boyne and Blackwater, Sir Wm. Wilde, Dublin, 1849; The Erne, Rev. Henry Newland, London; The Suir from its Source to the Sea, Mrs. MacCraith, Clonmel, 1912; Three Days on the Shannon, W. F. Wakeman, Dublin, 1852; The Shannon and its Lakes, R. Harvey, Dublin, 1896; The River Shannon and its Shrines, J. B. Cullen, C.T.S.I., Dublin. In the *Dublin University Magazine* for 1848, *et seq.*, there is a whole series of well-written and informative articles entitled "The Rivers of Ireland," by various writers. A great deal of information is contained in the Reports of the Royal Commissions on the Shannon, 1835, and on Coleraine, Belfast and Limerick Navigation, 1880; in Sir Alexander Binnie's Report on Lower Bann, 1907, and the Waterpower Resources of Ireland, 1921.

KEONS OF KEON-BROOK (Co. Leitrim). In *Notes and Queries* for July 3rd, 10th and 24th, 1920, there appeared an extensive pedigree from my pen of this family, but so far I have only been able to trace it down to the beginning of the 19th century: consequently I have read with great interest the biography of Miles Gerald Keon (1821-1875) which appears in the December Number of the *I.B.L.*, on page 81, and I should be greatly

obliged if any other reader could give me such further particulars of this family as would enable me to connect him to them and bring the pedigree down to the present day.

HY. FITZGERALD REYNOLDS.

THE TWO CAMPBELLS. Amongst the literary coterie that the celebrated Dr. Percy, Bishop of Dromore, gathered around him was "Dr. Campbell of Newry." Was he the same man as Rev. Thomas Campbell, a Monaghan rector, referred to in the memoirs of Percy?

F. J. B.

*** Possibly it was Rev. William Campbell, D.D. (*d.* 1805), a native of Newry, who was Presbyterian minister of 1st Armagh for twenty-five years, during seven of which Percy ruled in the adjoining See. He became famous for his reply to the Bishop of Cloyne in a pamphlet entitled "Vindication of the Principles and Character of the Presbyterians," London, 1787, and others. Rev. Thomas Campbell (1733-1795), Chancellor of St. Macartan's, Monaghan, moved in Dr. Johnson's circle, where he first met Percy, and is frequently mentioned in Boswell. He published "A Philosophical Survey of the South of Ireland," Lond., 1777, and other works, and wrote a diary of his visits to London, 1775-1792, which a descendant took to Australia. It was lost for over half a century and found under romantic circumstances and published in Sydney *c.* 1854. There are several letters from him to Percy in the Egerton MSS. (201) in the British Museum MSS. Dept., but I think they have been printed in "Percy, Poet and Prelate."

THE O'DONOVANS. It is of interest to note that at the meeting of the Kilkenny and South-East of Ireland Archæological Society—now the Royal Society of Antiquaries of Ireland—held at Kilkenny on 3rd September, 1856, Jeremiah O'Donovan (Rossa), Main Street, Skibbereen, was elected a member on the proposition of John O'Donovan, LL.D., the famous antiquary. Was there kinship between them?

Sligo.

F.R.S.A.I.

BOOK BY BANIM. In the "60's" Routledge, the London publisher, issued at a shilling a work of fiction entitled "Joe Wilson's Ghost," by "Banim." (*sic*). Could any reader say which of the brothers wrote it or where a copy could be seen? I can find no reference to it in the Life of John Banim, in Fr. Brown's exhaustive work, or any of the usual sources of information.

ST. CANICE.

*** Is it not Michael Banim's "The Ghost Hunter" under a new title?

J. DE JEAN FRAZER. O'Donoghue's "Poets of Ireland" says that a volume of "Poems" by this writer, with a memoir by James Burke, was published in Dublin in 1853. Could any reader say where I could see a copy?

Sutton, Co. Dublin.

J.G.

IRISH LITERARY SOCIETY

On Tuesday, 13th December, Miss Emily Hickey, the well-known poetess and author of several volumes of verse, gave a delightful reading from "A New Irish Anthology" which she has compiled, and which it is to be hoped will soon appear in print. Her own poems, and some by P. H. Pearse, seemed to be the favourites, but I was most impressed with one by Charles Pelham Mulvany, a sweetly musical thing, entitled "The Distant City." Mr. Frank Fahy moved and Mr. F. H. Skrine seconded a hearty vote of thanks to Miss Hickey.

The Winter Session concluded on Saturday, 17th December, with a lecture entitled "Poets and Peasants," by Mr. G. K. Chesterton. To an overflowing audience the brilliant litterateur poured forth a stream of wit and wisdom, *more suo*. A capital debate followed, and in reply to the vote of thanks Mr. Chesterton declared he was well rewarded by their close attention, their acute criticism and enthusiastic applause. He would have much pleasure in talking to them again in the near future.

The Spring Session opened on 14th January, when the Hon. Secretary, Philip Wilson, M.A., of the British Museum, and author of "The Beginnings of Modern Ireland," delivered an admirable lecture on "Sir Thomas Stukeley and Ireland." From the State Papers and hitherto unpublished documents the lecturer drew a vivid portrait of this adventurous swashbuckler of the Elizabethan age, who has been immortalised in many an old ballad and in one play of the Shakesperian School of which only one copy is known. Commissioned by Elizabeth to colonise Florida, he got no farther than Berehaven, where, in conjunction with the O'Sullivan, he attacked indiscriminately French, Spanish and English ships for a couple of years. Arrested at the instigation of the Foreign Ambassadors, he was imprisoned in Dublin, but Sir Henry Sidney, the Lord Deputy, being anxious to open up negotiations with Shane O'Neill, released Stukeley, who had formerly associated with Shane in London on very friendly terms. The only result of this visit to the North that we know of, was the purchase of the lands of the Lordship of Newry from Marshal Bagenal, Shane's brother-in-law, by Stukeley for the sum of two thousand pounds, his ill-gotten gains. Sidney vetoed the purchase, and, to the disgust of Stukeley, Bagenal refused to return the money. Taking ship at Waterford for England, he sailed to Spain instead and backed up the urgent request of the deposed Archbishop of Cashel to place a Spanish prince on the throne of Ireland, offering to establish him if supported by 5,000 men. Typical of his times, Stukeley was a Protestant in England and a Catholic abroad. One story of him is that he sought absolution from a Cardinal in Spain, but the prelate declared that was beyond him and he would have to apply to the Pope. He proceeded to Rome for that and other purposes, but the Holy Father found the job

too tough and refused. Nothing daunted, Stukeley, calling himself Prince of Ireland and Duke of Munster, raised an army of 5,000 men, the scum of Italy, to invade Ireland. For some reason, probably pecuniary, he placed this army at the service of the King of Portugal to fight the Moors, and Stukeley found his death at the battle of Alcazar, 1578.

On 21st January, Mr. J. W. Joynt, M.A., occupied the chair, and Sir Dunbar Plunket Barton, late Judge of the High Court in Ireland, delivered a brilliant and scholarly lecture on "Shakespeare and Ireland" to a crowded and attentive audience. The lecturer said he did not believe that Shakespeare had ever been in Ireland, though some weighty authorities considered that he may have been one of the company of players who visited Lismore Castle, but his references to Irish matters were numerous and striking, as he had shown in his recent volume, "Links Between Shakespeare and Ireland," a copy of which he had the pleasure of presenting to their library. Where, then, did he gain his knowledge of things Irish, apart from the chronicles? Why, from his patrons Essex, Southampton and their friends, the golden youth of that period, who, when not engaged in the various expeditions Elizabeth sent across, were nightly habitués of his theatre. He reminded his audience that after Essex and Southampton had been worsted in the Irish war by Hugh O'Neill and condemned by Elizabeth to death and disgrace, Shakespeare ceased his adulation of the Virgin Queen, "in maiden meditation fancy free," and never had a good word to say of her afterwards. The lecturer then detailed various references to the people, topography, history, flora, fauna, folk-lore and music of Ireland, scattered throughout the plays. He said "Macbeth" was a pure Irish-Gaelic play, that he (the speaker) had discovered the three witches on the blasted heath in the old Irish sagas, and that "the moving wood" was a frequent piece of strategy in the mediæval wars in Ireland. Sir Dunbar spoke for over an hour without a single note, and his apt quotations showed his mastery of the immortal plays. The President moved and Mr. Swiney seconded the vote of thanks, and Mr. Philip Wilson, in supporting, was able to give one or two Irish references and notes from the State Papers. He believed that Shakespeare had been in Ireland in the train of the Earl of Essex, whose mother had married her dead husband's bitter enemy, Leicester, and gossiping tongues had not hesitated to whisper of poison—the foundation of the play of "Hamlet." There was extant a letter of Hugh O'Neill's written shortly before his "Flight," in which he recalls having seen the first representation of one of Shakespeare's plays, and compares himself to the character of Kildare. Sir Dunbar in his reply especially thanked Mr. Wilson for his information and promised to lecture again.

On Tuesday, 24th January, Mr. Valentine O'Hara gave an interesting account of the experiences of "An Irishman in

Lithuania," one of the small nationalities called into being by the Treaty of Paris. It contains a population, mainly agricultural, of about three millions, speaking the only European language directly descended from the Sanskrit. Formerly surrounded and oppressed alike by Poles, Germans and Russians, its language and religion—once fire-worship, now Catholic—proscribed, with a wealth of national folk-lore and a native poetry of great purity and beauty, it bore many resemblances to another small nationality in which they were all interested. The vote of thanks was moved by Mr. F. H. Skrine, author of a "History of Russia," now in its fourth edition, who also spoke from personal knowledge, and seconded by Mr. MacCormac, Mayor of St. Pancras. Dr. Yowgowski, the well-known Lithuanian litterateur, who spoke on behalf of several members of the Embassy present, bore his testimony to the accuracy and sympathetic tone of the lecture.

The 29th January will be a red-letter night in the annals of our Society, for on that date one of our members, the famous Irish-American actress Miss Peggy O'Neill, who has been delighting Savoy audiences as "Paddy the Next Best Thing" for over two years, appeared in a capital humorous sketch, "Peg for Short," at the Rehearsal Theatre to a crowded assembly from which hundreds were turned away. This was preceded by a representation of Synge's "Riders to the Sea," in which another member, Miss Una O'Connor, gave a powerful rendering of the part of "Maurya," and was ably supported by the members of I.L.S. Dramatic Circle. At the close the President expressed the gratitude of the Society to the two principal ladies, and, instead of the customary bouquets, presented Miss O'Neill with a copy of Lady Gregory's "Seven Short Plays," and Miss O'Connor with Synge's "Plays," each bearing on the flyleaf a suitable inscription and the autographs of the office-bearers.

On February 4th Mr. S. S. McCurry gave a most interesting lecture on "Ulster Ballads." After a preliminary word dealing with the origin of the ballad in general and Irish ballads in particular, he read with excellent elocution and dramatic effect the following items from his recently published book, "The Ballads of Ballytumulty":—"Watty O'Neill," "Madge McKeown," "Agnes," "Nora," "The Brothers," "Davy Long," "Kitty," "Farewell," "Killiney Hill," "Mike O'Leary," "I'm Young Yit," and others, to the great delight of an overflowing audience.

Miss Mary Kelleher read an able paper on "Francis Ledwidge" on Tuesday, 7th February. After a short biographical introduction, she said: "Simple as his verses are, their form is perfect and every word exactly fits the context. They are the work of a man of fine sensibility and of the truest culture. He had not a good education, as the term is commonly understood, but he had the finest education of all, that which comes

of familiarity from earliest childhood with good literature, a good mother, and beautiful natural surroundings. He had the gift which Browning attributed to the painter, but which belongs equally to the poet, of making men open their eyes and mark 'things we have passed a thousand times nor cared to see.' Ledwidge opens our minds and our ears. He makes us hear the note of the blackbird's song, which he describes exquisitely—'wondrous, impudently sweet, half of him passion, half conceit.' His ear was acutely responsive to all the beautiful sounds of the country—the running of water, the wind in the trees, the humming of bees, and the dripping of the rain. He never lived to do the 'something really great' he desired, but he was content with his lot, if we may judge from one of his 'Last Poems':—

" 'A keen-edged sword, a soldier's heart,
Is greater than a poet's art,
And greater than a poet's fame
A little grave that has no name.' "

On 11th February Mr. Michael MacDonagh, of the *Times*, the well-known litterateur, delivered an interesting lecture on "Michael Hogan: The Bard of Thomond," before a highly appreciative audience. "The Lays and Legends of Thomond," 1880 (he said), is a special favourite amongst my books. It is a gift from the Bard, whom I knew well, and 'most affectionately presented' to me, as he wrote in it, and it has the magic power of transporting me back to the scenes of my boyhood. As I turn its pages I walk once more the flowery pastures of the mighty Shannon, listening to the call of the corn-crake, and my eye wanders from the ancient tower of St. Mary's to the gorgeous background of the hills of Clare—green, yellow and purple—whose line, I used to think in childhood's days, formed the boundary of the world. . . . Hogan was a singular character. He had a closer affinity to Burns than any other man of letters Ireland has produced. He was on a lower poetic plane than Burns, but his work resembled in mood and manner that of the Scottish poet, and certainly as a man he was temperamentally very like Burns—proud, self-assertive, quick to take offence and contemptuous of conventions. Both of them were in conflict with their environment. They were born of humble parentage: their literary gifts owed little or nothing to education; their youth and early manhood were spent in hard, unremitting toil; throughout their lives poverty, like an ill-grained cur, snarled at their heels, and as if in revenge against Fate they unsparingly attacked many high personages in their respective birth-place and times. "The Lays and Legends" show that Hogan was a true bard in a modern setting, who celebrated in verse the exploits of the chiefs that patronised him, and consigned to perdition those against whom he bore a grudge. He had all the qualities of his ancient pre-

decessors, their pride and insolence, their exalted notions of the greatness and dignity of their office, their rhetorical passion, their vigour of description. His first volume was "The Light of Munster," 1852, six hundred copies of which were printed in pamphlet form by Goggin, the cost being borne by Alderman Gaffney. Of these Hogan disposed of 400 copies in Limerick, and then took to the road, reciting his verses at markets and fairs, and paying for his keep with copies of the poem. His next venture, "Anthems to Mary," containing twenty hymns, was published by Mullany of Dublin in 1859. In 1865 appeared the first edition of his "Lays and Legends," printed by Counihan of Limerick. It was not a financial success, and Hogan, deeply wounded in his self-esteem, like his predecessors of old, took his revenge in an outburst of bitter satire—a pamphlet entitled "Shawn-na-Scoob" (John of the Broom), founded on an old folk tale. Of this eight parts appeared during the next twelve years and each had a large sale at a shilling apiece. . . . Hogan was the subject of my first appearance in print in the issue of *Young Ireland* of 15th November, 1879, and this led to our friendship. John Kirby, the printer, from whose press was issued some of the parts of "Shawn," and to whom I was serving my apprenticeship, introduced me. He told me afterwards that the Bard was doubtful at first that one so young could have written the article. Hogan was a low-sized and thick-set man with a homely, florid face—unmistakably Irish in its cast of expression. He was very proud of his titular office of Bard, and frequently took his place clad in symbolic garb in civic processions in the good city of Limerick. Mr. MacDonagh read with much taste several of the poems, and delighted his audience by singing the sweet "Eileen Oge Machree."

OBITUARY

JAMES, VISCOUNT BRYCE, O.M., F.R.S., &c., died at Sidmouth, Devonshire, on 22nd January. He was born at Ormeau Road, Belfast, on 10th May, 1838, the eldest son of James Bryce, LL.D., and grandson of Rev. James Bryce, of Killaig, near Coleraine. He was educated at Belfast Academy, Glasgow High School (of which his father became head-master in 1846), Glasgow University, Oxford (Fellow of Oriel), and Heidelberg. Called to the Bar in 1867, and appointed Professor of Civil Law at Oxford, 1870, he entered Parliament in 1880, becoming in turn Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs, 1886; Chancellor of Duchy of Lancaster, 1892; President of Board of Trade, 1894; Chief Secretary for Ireland, 1905, and Ambassador Extraordinary to U.S.A. from 1907 till 1913, and raised to the peerage 1914. In addition to being a member of many learned societies, he held degrees from fifteen Universities at home and abroad. A writer, of vast erudition, on many sub-

jects for over sixty years, the British Museum Catalogue contains 92 entries under his name, of which the following are the principal, all of which have gone through numerous editions:—The Flora of the Island of Arran, 1859; The Holy Roman Empire, 1862; Report on the Condition of Education in Lancashire, 1867; The Trade Mark Registration Act, with Notes, 1877; Transcaucasia and Ararat, 1877; The American Commonwealth, 1888; Impressions of South Africa, 1897; Studies in History and Jurisprudence, 1901; Studies in Contemporary Biography, 1903; South America: Observations and Impressions, 1912; University and Historical Addresses, 1913; Essays and Addresses on the War, 1918; Modern Democracies, 2 vols., 1921. He edited Two Centuries of Irish History, 1888, and wrote the Introduction to Dr. Sigerson's Political Prisoners at Home and Abroad, 1890.

C. I. HOBSON, of New York City, died on 18th December, 1921. He was born in the vicinity of Benburb, Co. Tyrone, but went to U.S.A. in early life. He was exceedingly proud of his native place, and contributed to the *Armagh Guardian* a series of chapters entitled "Historic Benburb: its Story and History," which ran from March to June, 1916, followed by a later series entitled "Freemasonry in Benburb," in connection with which he had a large collection of old minute-books and other documents which, through the writer, he handed over to the "Lodge of Research," Dublin, recently. His last work was "Annals of Kilmore" (a parish in Co. Armagh), which commenced in the same journal for December 31st, 1920, and ran to twenty-six chapters. He was about commencing a similar work on the neighbouring parish of Eglish when his career came to a close. He had also a distinct turn for versification, a good number of poems by him appearing in American papers and a few in the *Armagh Guardian*. JOHN J. MARSHALL.

J. C. HOLLAND, a veteran journalist, died in Clonmel during Christmas week at the great age of ninety. A native of Cork City, he commenced journalism on the old *Daily Herald* published there, and in "the sixties" of last century edited the *Limerick Chronicle*. He was a brother of the better known journalist and novelist Denis Holland, who founded the *Ulsterman* in Belfast in 1852. It will be remembered that the scoundrel Pigott was the book-keeper, and Lord Russell of Killowen, then an unknown provincial solicitor, a leader writer on the paper.

REV. FREDK. LANGBRIDGE, M.A., D.Litt., Rector of St. John's and Canon of St. Mary's, Limerick, died on 23rd January. He was born in Birmingham on St. Patrick's Day, 1849, and educated there and at Merton College, Oxford, and, entering the Church, he was appointed Rector of Glenella, Co. Donegal, about 1880, and came to Limerick in the following year. His publications were numerous in all classes of literature—the British Museum Catalogue credits him with 52 entries

—comprising:—*Poems*: Sent Back by the Angels, 1885; Poor Folks' Lives, 1887; Gaslight and Stars, 1892; A Cracked Fiddle, 1892; A Cluster of Quiet Thoughts, 1896; The Scales of Heaven, 1896; Clear Waters, 1897; Little Tapers, 1899; The Distant Lights, 1902; Ballads and Legends, The Peaks of Proud Desire, 1905; The Power of Red Michael, 1909; Restful Thoughts for Dusty Ways, 1912. *Fiction*: Miss Honoria, 1894; The Dreams of Dania, 1897; Love has no Pity, 1901; The Calling of the Weir, 1902; Mack the Miser, 1907. *Plays* (some in collaboration): The Only Way; Rouget de Lisle; After All; The Chevalier de St. George; The Devil's Trap; The Children of Kings; Eugene Aram; Griffith Gaunt. *Edited*: What to Read, 1889; Poets at Play, 1888; Ballads of the Brave, 1890, etc., etc., etc.

RT. HON. THOMAS LOUGH, P.C., died in London on 11th January. He was the son of Matthew Lough, of Killynobber House, Co. Cavan, and born in 1850. Educated at the Royal School, Cavan, and the Wesleyan School, Dublin, he embarked in business in London with much success. An ardent Liberal, he sat in Parliament for West Islington for twenty-six years, becoming in turn Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Education and in 1907 Lord Lieutenant of his native county. He was a much esteemed member of the Irish Literary Society and published the following works:—Glimpses of Early Ireland, 1888; England's Wealth—Ireland's Poverty, 1896 (many editions), Ten Years of Tory Rule in Ireland, 1906, and Irish Finance, 1912.

SIR ERNEST HENRY SHACKLETON, the famous explorer, died off South Georgia in the "Quest" on 5th January. He was born at Kilkea, Co. Kildare, on 15th February, 1874, the eldest son of Henry Shackleton, M.D., of that place. Educated at Dulwich, he served his time in the mercantile marine, and in 1901 turned his attention to the exploration of the Antarctic region, and made several voyages thither, almost reaching the South Pole in 1907. On the voyage he edited the ship's newspaper, the *South Polar Times*, 1907, 4to, one of the curiosities of literature. His services were acknowledged by the award of medals and decorations from every country in Europe and America. He published an account of his expedition under the title of *The Heart of the Antarctic*, 2 vols., 1909, one vol. 1910, and also *The Diary of a Troopship*. *South: The Story of his Last Expedition*, 1919, is reputed his best.

JOHN BUTLER YEATS, R.H.A., died in New York on February 3rd. He was born on March 16, 1839, at Tullylish, County Down, a parish of which his father was rector. His paternal grandfather was rector of Drumcliffe, County Sligo, and his mother had been a Miss Corbet, daughter of a Government official in Dublin. He himself married, in 1863, a Miss Pollexfen, of Sligo.

Mr. Yeats was educated at T.C.D. and graduated B.A. He was called to the Irish Bar in 1866, but never practised, and

in 1868 went to London, where he applied himself seriously to the study of art, working both in the R.A. School and in Heatherleigh's School in Newman Street. At the latter he had a fellow-pupil in Samuel Butler, about whom he wrote a charming and vivid essay in his little volume of 1918, "Essays Irish and American." After some ten years of work in London he returned to Ireland, first to a studio in York Street, Dublin, afterwards (in the early eighties) to 7 Stephen's Green.

Literary Dublin soon found out Mr. Yeats, and his studio became a centre to which every one who had a poem to read or an idea that burned for expression was inevitably attracted. Here was hatched a little volume of poems, "Songs and Ballads of Young Ireland," to which W. B. Yeats, John Todhunter, Katharine Tynan, Rose Kavanagh (a name unknown to the world, but of fragrant memory to a few), and T. W. Rolleston contributed. Here, too, an Irish literary and political magazine, the *Dublin University Review*—it had no connection with the University, which afterwards formally disowned it—was designed. It contained the earliest printed work of W. B. Yeats and of Jane Barlow, and published Dr. Douglas Hyde's first summons to the task afterwards taken up by the Gaelic League. Most of the Irish personalities of the time figure in paintings or sketches by Yeats in the Dublin municipal collection or the Irish Portrait Gallery.

In 1887 he moved with his family to London, where he lived in Bedford Park. Here he did much excellent work in black and white—especially notable were his series of illustrations in sepia drawing for Dent's edition of Defoe. In 1902 he moved back to Dublin, where he painted many portraits of interest, and in 1908 went, on the invitation of Mr. John Quinn, on a visit to New York, where he had intended to spend only a few weeks, but ultimately settled down for the rest of his life. Here he added literary laurels to those he had won in painting. Extracts from his letters to his son (the extracts were made by Mr. Ezra Pound) appeared in 1917, and were followed by a small volume of Essays in 1918.

But it is probably by his incomparable talk that those who heard it will best remember him. He showed in this, as in his painting, the searching, untrammelled eye of the artist, intensely interested in life, and always alert to catch the gleam of significance and energy in common things. His portraits, especially the oil-paintings, were unequal, partly owing to his invincible habit of remodelling his conception of the subject half a dozen times before he ended it to his satisfaction—an end which, indeed, it may be said, never came at all, for a sitter was probably never known to remove a portrait except by force and under fervent protests. At his best, however, as in his magnificent crayon drawing of Isaac Butt and his head of John O'Leary (both in the Dublin Gallery), he showed a rare power of rendering personality and character, while all that

he did, down to the most rapid pencil sketch—and he was an admirable sketcher—was touched with the grace of affection and sympathy. All his children have distinguished themselves in the arts. His elder son is Mr. W. B. Yeats; his younger son, Mr. Jack B. Yeats, well known for his racy renderings of Irish life; while his two daughters have made the Cuala Press, which they founded near Dublin, famous for its choice typography. His “Further Letters of John Butler Yeats” were published by them in 1920.—*The Times*.

PEEPS INTO PERIODICALS

As a matter of course the Treaty occupies the attention of the principal English magazines for January. Mr. Ronald McNeill, M.P., an Antrim man, one time editor of the defunct *St. James' Gazette*, contributes a trenchant exposition of the negotiations in Downing Street leading up to its signature, under the title of “The I.F.S. and Ulster” in the *Fortnightly Review*—so trenchant indeed that the editor goes out of his way to disclaim responsibility in a special footnote. Lord Buckmaster, a former Lord Chancellor, opens the *Contemporary* with an article on “Peace in Ireland,” and says: “I have often wished that it were possible to use in our own struggles the courage, the eloquence, and the incorruptibility that marked the Irish in theirs, and in bidding them good-bye, I at least do so with many pleasant memories and deep regrets.” Prof. Swift MacNeill follows in a reminiscent mood, with a long quotation from Lord Charlemont. “I do not think my own family relationship with him influences my judgment.” Perhaps not, but at least he might spell his lordship's family name correctly.

In *Blackwood* the “Muser” is a little more restrained and less bitter in celebrating “the triumph of the gunmen,” ridiculing the bad grammar of the Treaty, and wondering why Gavan Duffy requires twenty-one letters in which to sign his name in Gaelic. A. W. Long continues his Leveresque sketch of “A Fishing Trip in the Emerald Isle.”

Mr. J. M. Hone devotes his “Letter from Ireland” in the *London Mercury* to a dissertation on James Joyce and his forthcoming work, “Ulysses,” of which we learn that the subject matter is Irish. “His Ulysses travels through the world of modern experience without leaving Dublin.” “Mr. Joyce himself,” we are further told, “or the physical part of him, left Ireland many years ago; he has lived obscurely at Trieste as a teacher of modern languages and at Zurich. Yet he still draws from Irish models, still depicts the Irish scene. These retain for him their potent fascination across long years of exile, in which he has stocked his mind fuller and fuller with the stuff of science and philosophy—this deliberate, determined man has acquired a knowledge of eighteen languages.”

The current issue of *The Library* opens with a very interesting

paper by Mr. E. H. Dring, now the head of the famous book-selling firm of Quaritch & Co., entitled, "Early Railway Time Tables," originally read before the Bibliographical Society. From it one learns that George Bradshaw, the originator of the famous "Railway Guide," when only nineteen years old started in business as an engraver and printer in Belfast, but did not succeed. Dr. Percy Kirkpatrick contributes an admirable sketch of "Irish Bibliography," prefatory to an appeal for support for the Bibliographical Society of Ireland, whose President he is. He says: "Irish bibliography has much more than a local interest, and it is safe to say that there were few notable writers in England during the eighteenth century whose works, or some of them, were not printed in Ireland."

Banba provides a fine feast of fiction. Brinsley MacNamara is at his best in "The Comedian." "Blow for Blow" has an original and thrilling plot, and "A Brain Wave" combines humour and incident. W. J. Lawrence relates a little-known incident in the career of Edmund Kean, and M. J. Lennon commences a graphic and on the whole impartial "Retrospect" of the last ten years in Ireland.

The *New York Survey Graphic* for 26th November, 1921, a beautifully turned out weekly, with many illustrations from pictures by Paul and Grace Henry, Jack and J. B. Yeats, and Power O'Malley, besides photographic reproductions, is entirely devoted to the question "What Would the Irish do with Ireland?" The answers take the form of elaborate, well written and well informed contributions by "Æ," Erskine Childers, Sir Edward Coey Bigger, "Richard Rowley," Sir Horace Plunkett, R. M. Henry, James Stephens, Mrs. Sheehy Skeffington, Countess Markievicz, Padraic Colum, Francis Hackett, and others. It is a valuable record of the ideals and opinions of representative Irish men and women of all shades of thought, and well deserves careful consideration and wide circulation.

The *Irish Ecclesiastical Record* opens with an able article by Prof. Paul Walsh entitled "The Chieftains of Fermanagh"; Rev. E. J. Quigley follows with an interesting account of "A Clerical Economist," and Dr. Grattan Flood contributes details of "The Missionary Fathers of the Blessed Sacrament."

In the current number of the recently established *Journal* of the Society of Army Historical Research, Sir Charles Oman, Professor of History at Oxford and librarian of All Souls College there, retells the story of the famous and fatal duel in Newry Barracks in 1807 and the subsequent trial and execution of Major Campbell. The whole romantic affair created a *furor* that can be but little understood to-day. W. H. Maxwell, the novelist, who attended the trial at Armagh, made it the basis of one of his finest stories, "The Condemned Soldier."

The Christmas Number of *Green and Gold* is a wonderful shilling's worth. From its finely illustrated cover, bearing the initials of a well-known artist, to its last line of letterpress, it is:

deeply interesting. Some of the finest writers in Ireland to-day have given of their best—humour, tragedy and skilful characterisation pervade its pages, and leave nothing to be desired.

A special word of congratulation must be given to that fine quarterly *Studies* on the appearance of its fortieth number—the completion of its tenth annual volume. Nothing quite like it has hitherto appeared in Irish periodical literature; it occupies a plane by itself, equal in interest, scholarship and format to any of the English quarterly reviews with more than a century's prestige attached to them. *Ad multos annos*. The new number contains an admirable article by A. de Blacam—"Thoughts on Labour Policy in Ireland"—exhibiting all his optimistic enthusiasm; an able sketch of the Russian leader Lenin from the pen of Fr. Lambert MacKenna; the continuation of Fr. Macinerny's "Archbishop Walsh and the Irish Martyrs," and Mr. Binchy's "Irish Ambassador at the Spanish Court." Prof. Arthur Clery deals interestingly with "Accents: Dublin and others."

Surely Mr. de Blacam must ply the busiest pen in Dublin to-day. Here he is found opening the *Irish Monthly* with a scholarly and thoughtful essay, "Literature: Lay Brother of Religion"—one of his best. "Literature," he rightly maintains, "should be, and is, a great humaniser, a softener of asperities, a solvent of classes and divisions." In an argumentative and well documented article on "Thomas Campion: Irishman and Catholic," Dr. Grattan Flood succeeds in tracing the pedigree, birth, and early years of one who "was famed as physician, barrister, poet, dramatist and musician."

It makes one rub one's eyes and cry "Do I wake, do I dream, or is visions about?" to read in the January "*Quarterly*, savage and tartarly," the like of this:—"Ulster, indeed, gave good service to the King and Empire when the call of the Great War came to her; and this ought not to be forgotten. She took the right course when Sinn Fein took the wrong. But that cannot obliterate the records of her disloyalty in the period before the war, when she was arming and drilling her Volunteers, and her Protestant ecclesiastics were actually 'consecrating' the colours which were to be used in the battle against His Majesty's forces, if the latter dared to invade Ulster for the purposes of coercion. The example of smuggling arms from Germany was set by Ulster; and it is not surprising that Sinn Fein followed suit. A grave responsibility rests upon the Ulster leaders for the bloodshed in Ireland during the last five years, for it was they who taught their fellow-countrymen how to arm themselves illegally." Shades of Gifford, Croker and Salisbury! Well might one exclaim: "Save me from my friends." "What is the ethical position of 'Ulster' in all this business? She believes herself to be, as it were, the only innocent party in a company of knaves. But she has never learnt to see herself as others see her, and her attitude of arrogant intolerance

and self-sufficiency is beginning to wear out the patience of old friends who recognise her good qualities. In the first place it ought to be clearly said that Ulster is only 'loyal' when it suits her supposed interests."

On the other hand we have this declaration by the editor of the *National*: "The London Press is largely written by Irishmen who live out of Ireland and know nothing of Ireland. . . . As regards the treatment of Ulster, the verdict of Lord Carson ranks above that of any 'gallopers' who have betrayed her."

Prof. J. A. Strahan contributes a very able and interesting article, "Byron in Italy," to the current *Edinburgh Review*, once the greatest reviler of the poet and the subject of his first satire. Mr. J. A. R. Cairns, another Belfastman, now police-magistrate at the Thames Court, commences in the *Graphic* a series of articles on his experiences, "The Loom of the Law," brimful of humour, charity and tenderness towards the fallen. Mr. Cairns was a Presbyterian minister before he was called to the Bar.

The Marquess of Crewe, who, as the second Lord Houghton, sat on the Viceregal throne in Dublin nearly a generation ago, opens the February *Contemporary Review* with a weighty and well considered article on "Ireland and the Agreement." He says "there are indeed many crimes and many revenges in the last four hundred years that both countries will do well to forget when the gates of Janus are closed for good." In the *Fortnightly*, Sir Chas. Russell writes on "Johnson the Jacobite," and shows the great probability of Boswell's hero having been "out" in the 'Forty-five for bonnie Prince Charlie. The same journal prints Prof. Strahan's Rhodes Lecture on "Federation and Confederation in the Empire," in which he reminded his hearers that "Ireland was the first of England's conquests and the earliest seat of her colonies." Cyril Falls, a name new to periodical literature, has an article in the *Nineteenth Century* entitled: "Ireland: Some Truths," written entirely from a "Black and Tan" point of view, though he declares: "It is not the purpose of this article to criticize or depreciate the new Free State that is struggling to birth."

Mr. Yeats had offered to lecture at the University of Aberdeen, but some students put in a protest on the grounds that the Irish poet was "a notoriously seditious and anti-British person," and for fear of disturbance the 'Varsity authorities intervened and cancelled the lecture. So Mr. J. M. Hone, in *The Outlook* for 4th February, pours scorn on these Scottish philistines and shows how Mr. Yeats, despite his praise of O'Leary, Pearse and Connolly, had likewise been denounced by Sinn Fein for his pro-English leanings and acceptance of a "pension." Scotland seems an unfortunate region for W. B. Y., for he was lecturing there when he received the telegram informing him of the row at the Abbey Theatre on the occasion of the *premiere* of "The Playboy of the Western World."

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS

DAUGHTERS OF BANBA. By Mrs. Thomas Concannon, M.A. (M. H. Gill & Son. 10s.). The women of Erin in all times are coming into their own, thanks to the devoted work and sympathetic scholarship of Mrs. Concannon. With the seeing eye of the born historian, she has already traced, and with graphic pen recorded, the heroic actions and sufferings of "The Women of '98." The attractiveness of the subject, and, doubtless, pride in her sex, stimulated her to pursue her studies over a far wider field—the whole range of Irish history anterior to that date. This necessitated the collection of facts not hitherto attempted, nor indeed easy of attainment. The patient toil, the exhaustive research, and the neat dove-tailing together of those facts, obtained from sources wide apart, and hidden away in the archives of ecclesiastical establishments in Rome, Belgium, France, Spain, and at home, can best be appreciated by those who have essayed similar undertakings. The result is before us in a handsome, well-documented, well-indexed, closely-printed volume of close on three hundred pages—a book of which any country might be proud. The question that forces itself upon one after perusal is—What other country in Europe to-day could present such a record of the lives and actions of such a number of devoted women, ready to do and dare all for faith and fatherland? Where, for instance, in all English history, legendary, traditional or documentary, could its fellow be found? A fairly close acquaintance with that compels us truly to answer—nowhere. The author has been well assisted by enthusiastic helpers. The faded records of three hundred years, almost miraculously preserved and still carefully guarded by loving hands, have been placed at her disposal and printed for the first time. Their quaint spelling may raise a smile on supercilious lips to-day, quickly to be replaced by a tear at the sad narratives revealed. It is still a delight to read of how the women "manned" the walls of leaguered Limerick, or a source of sorrow to recall again the horrors of the Cromwellian "settlement." But of greater, because of fresher interest, are the adventures of the women who joined in "The Flight of the Earls," or accompanied their "Wild Geese" husbands and lovers into exile, and the trials of "The Women of the Cloisters" at home, of which much new and authentic information has been garnered. Mrs. Concannon has performed her work admirably. She has given us a book, not for to-day or to-morrow, but for all time, to be turned to continually with pride, pleasure and profit. We only notice two little slips overlooked by the printer's reader and hardly worth mention. The footnote at p. 108 should read Leahy, not "Lecky," and the one at p. 251 should be Cal., not "Col."

THE PROVINCES OF IRELAND. Edited by George Fletcher. (Cambridge University Press. 6s. 6d. each). The

Syndics of the University Press, Cambridge, deserve the warmest thanks of everyone, in or out of Ireland, at all interested in her welfare, for undertaking the publication of such an excellent series of works as those before us, and we hope their enterprise will be well rewarded. Each, the united work of some half-dozen experts, is handsomely turned out, abundantly supplied with maps and diagrams, beautifully illustrated, and brimful of interesting information. The contributors are well selected. Prof. Macalister is responsible for the articles on Ancient Geography; Mr. R. L. Præger supplies those on Topography, Botany and Zoology; Prof. Swain, dealing with Geology, supplies some of the best chapters; Mr. E. C. R. Armstrong discourses admirably on Architecture and Antiquities; Dr. R. I. Best supplies some short biographies of illustrious natives which might well have been increased, and the general editor devotes his attention to the Administration, Education, Industries and Manufactures. We have read and enjoyed every word, and only discovered a few insignificant slips. In the "Ulster" volume at bottom of p. 41 "former" should be latter; at p. 168 "John" Cooke should be Henry, and on next page "W. B." should be W. H. Maxwell.

THE REBELS: TRUE MAN AND TRAITOR; LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD. By M. McD. Bodkin. (Talbot Press. 5s. each). We welcome this new, handy and handsome edition of the early romances of Judge Bodkin. They delighted one generation when they first appeared as serial stories, and now they come in volume form to delight another. The author is well acquainted with the details of those trying years, 1798-1803, and, though the stickler for historical accuracy will find much to cavil at in these pages, yet the author can plead the example of Dumas, Scott, and others of the great brotherhood of romantic writers who never hesitate to make the striking events of history subservient to the needs of the novelist. Here are breathless adventures, soul-stirring episodes, thrilling incidents, and hair-breadth escapes sufficient to satisfy the most exigent of readers; the whole forming an admirable trilogy of an exciting period in Irish history, vividly narrated.

THE GLAMOUR OF WATERFORD. By Alan Downey. (Talbot Press. 2s. 6d.). We welcome this latest addition to the delightful "Glamour" series, which gives promise of enfolding all our historic cities within its comprehensive embrace. But of all those already dealt with, or of those to come, few possess greater interest for the reader than "Urbs Intacta." Mr. Alan Downey, already favourably known as a poet of promise and a writer of historical narrative surpassed by few of his type, is admirably fitted for his task as cicerone, for in this charming little sketch book he combines the two roles, viewing the events of history through a poet's eyes, and, with deft touch re-vivifying the almost forgotten figures of the past, friend and foe, scholar, soldier or sage, who played their parts amidst these

scenes in the long ago. We cordially wish it every success. It is a book that could only emanate from a writer steeped in the legend lore of his land and saturated with the glamour of his environment.

MY COMMONPLACE BOOK. By J. T. Hackett. (Fisher Unwin. 12s. 6d.). This "omnium gatherum" by our industrious fellow-countryman in "the anti-what-d'ye-call the place at the t'other side of the sun?" has already gone through an edition in Australia and no fewer than three in England inside sixteen months, sufficient testimony one would think to its merits and popularity. It is a delightful book to dip into at odd moments. The compiler displays a wonderfully wide reading and a discriminating taste. He casts his nets wide and brings up a rare haul from the ocean of literature calculated to satisfy every taste.

PAMPHLETS : POETRY AND PROSE

"OUT OF THE DEPTHS." By Agnes O'Farrelly. (Talbot Press. 1s.). This latest addition to the favourite series of the Talbot Booklets contains stirring poems occasioned by the stressful times through which the country has recently passed. Miss O'Farrelly, the well-known Gaelic scholar, sings with patriotic fervour the dirge of "Mac Suibne" and the fate of "The Custom House," or in impassioned accents voices again the hopes of the nation. Here are a couple of stanzas descriptive of scenes, thank God, passed away, we hope, for ever:—

"They send their engines up and down
From martyred Cork to Castlebar;
They madly rush from town to town
In armoured tower and sheltered car.

Our burning homes are smoking high,
And heavy hangs the gallows tree;
But Freedom's flame can never die;
The Soul unconquered still is free!"

POEMS. By Thomas MacDonagh, selected by his sister. (Talbot Press. 1s.). This modest little volume, beautifully printed, and embellished with a portrait of the author at the age of twenty, will make a wide appeal. It contains some of the author's finest verse, gathered by loving hands, and will serve to keep his name and fame alive, for, as he prophetically sings—

"His songs new souls shall thrill,
The loud harp's dumb,
And his deeds the echoes fill
When the dawn is come."

THE DUBLIN PHARMACOPŒIAS. By T. Percy C. Kirkpatrick, M.D., M.R.I.A. There is a pleasant blend of history, medical lore and bibliography in this address delivered before the Royal College of Physicians of Ireland on St. Luke's Day, 1921, by their accomplished Registrar, and now reprinted in a neat pamphlet of twenty pages. The highly interesting but little known facts embodied therein make, of course, a more special appeal to his medical brethren, but there is also much of value to the bibliographer, and the charming style in which the author conveys the result of his research commends it to the general reader.

DUNSEVERIC CASTLE—Giant's Causeway and Dunluce—Kenbann and Dunananie—Ballintoy, Carrick-a-rede and Whitepark Bay—Rathlin Island—Glenshesk—Bunnamargie Friary—Fair Head and the Valley of Glendeen—Knocklayd and the Valley of Glentow—History of Ballycastle—Barney Maglone—Shane O'Neill—and George Hill. (Coleraine: *Northern Constitution*. Price 6d. each). These brochures are the life work of Robert McCahan, of Ballycastle, and reflect much credit on his long, patient study and annotation of the many historic places and persons in and around the spot where he has dwelt all his life. It is seldom given to one to collect so much valuable material as the writer has done, and to set it down in such a readable way and present it to the public at such a reasonable price. Too much encouragement cannot be given to such writers and collectors of local lore as this writer has proved himself to be. From such mines general information can be safely drawn. They thus serve a double purpose by helping general students as well as locally preserving and making known to those residing in the immediate vicinity of the places described many facts of which they would be otherwise ignorant. The popular price of the pamphlets places them within the reach of everyone. Where all have almost equal merit we risk invidiousness by specially mentioning the biography of the Rev. George Hill, the historian, *facile princeps*, of Ulster. His big works are as well known as valued, and are quoted from and dealt with at some length. But another element not so well known in Hill's genius is dwelt upon at loving length, namely, his poetic faculty. Many poems are given in whole or in part, but quite enough to make one wish for a complete collection of all his verse. This may come some time. We understand that accounts of other places and people are being recorded or are in the press. The more the better from such a conscientious and industrious pen as is wielded by Robert McCahan during his busy life in his native town of MacDonnell fame and lore.

B.

Cumann Eireannach na Liteardhachta.

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